

"Our House"

September 17

The children had a cousin in London, named  
Charley Moore. And one day the post-man  
brought Ned a letter from his cousin Charley,  
which said:-  
Tell me all about your house. Father says  
I may come and see you some day; so  
I want to know what sort of a place it is  
your home is.

Ned could write very nicely, & his mother  
told him how to spell the hard words: so  
he soon had a letter ready to pop into the  
post-office. This was what it said:

My dear <sup>cousin</sup> Charley,

I won't hes if you will like  
our house when you come; we all like it,  
you know, the cause it is our home. There  
are two pea-cocks' feathers over the fire-place,  
and two china dogs, & a hug box, and  
Dick's pretty meig. That is in the kitch-en  
where we all live. Mother's big rocking  
chair is there and we all get into it and  
have a good rock. We have a shelf for our  
play things; and I have got such a  
big hug meig top; you shall spin it  
when you come. We go up stairs to bed.  
Dick & I sleep in a jummy little room  
when the ceel-ing comes down to the floor.  
When it is winter the stars shine through  
our windows and we say, Twinkle, twinkle.

Your loving cousin  
Ned Brown.



Mr Brown brought out when he read Ned's  
letter, and said, ~~is~~ Is that all you could  
tell Char-ley about the house? Run out into the  
gar-den, now, and see what your cows find  
out out side of your horns.

to say about the out-cast of your house.  
It's all the child ran ran off into the garden  
first - when they stop-ped to have a good look  
at every thing. Then they open-ed the gate,  
and cross-ed the road to the green <sup>ground</sup> again.  
They stop-ped to look ~~at the~~ <sup>at the</sup> ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~keep~~ <sup>keep</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup>.  
They all speak-ing at once, v

Then in they ran all speaking at once, & <sup>their</sup> Katsapathas had to cry out: Now at a time -  
Burst the little one's spirit!  
at the home! And then

And the little ones first.  
There are roses all over the house! And there  
are flowers in the windows. You can see the  
table when the door is open. There is a garden as  
fresh with wall flowers and old mignonette.

There is a big dog at the gate, said little Dick: at which the rest laugh. ed, be- cause they knew the dog would not stay there always.

always.  
And there is a road out-side, & a green color the  
way when we all play. And Mary  
And what have we on each side of us? Oh, Mary  
And there is on one side & the green on the other  
And there is the little Hilby looking about on  
the far side.

We are now moving the back! critical need: so

Every day rain soon comes back to fill  
 a garden with green-herb, as in it, and  
 three bee-hives on a shelf and <sup>egg</sup> ~~egg~~ on her cage hang  
 out in the sun, and a dog in some things, besides.

## The English Girl.

September 22

Sporting on the village green,  
The pretty English girl is seen;  
Beside her cottage neat,  
Ambling on the garden seat,  
Now within her humble door,  
Sweeping clean her kitchen floor;  
While upon the wall, so white,  
Hang her copper, polished bright.  
Many never idle sits;  
She either sews, or spins, or knits,  
And she labours all the week  
With sparkling eye and ready cheek.

And on Sunday, many fold,  
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,  
Says her prayer (a constant rule),  
And hastens to the Sunday School.

Oh! how good should we be found,  
Who live in happy English ground,  
Where rich and poor and wretched may  
All learn to walk in wisdom's way!

Yours Truly,



Green grass, the village where the cattle. Brown  
land, is a pleasant most place.

The cottages are all on one side of the street;  
and they are white, or yet low; and the front of every  
cottage is covered ~~all over~~ <sup>with</sup> with ~~some~~ <sup>the</sup> plants that have flowers.

In front of every cottage there is a long, narrow  
pass den full of sweet-smelling flowers.

There Sid-dy keeps the shop; and she sells every  
thing. Bread & bacon, coal & flour, butter  
& glam-met, & col. li. pop for the little folk;  
what-ever you want, you may buy of Mrs. Sid-dy.

The church stands at the top of the  
village. The black rooks build their nests in  
the church yard trees, and cry, 'Caw! caw!'  
to the people who come to church.

But you can hardly hear the rooks; the  
bells make such a noisy noise. They  
say, 'Come to church! Do not loiter!  
You'll be late!'

At the other end of the village there is a  
black-smith's forge; ~~where you may stand~~  
but ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~near~~ <sup>near</sup> the red sparks fly up ~~while~~  
as the smith ham-mers at a horse-shoe.

But the best place of all is the village green.  
There are black-berry bushes <sup>on the green</sup> and  
there are juniper bushes with sweet yellow blossoms  
which you cannot get at because of the prickles.  
And here the boys play trick-it in the evenings,  
and the girls have a play at umps, or lag.

Boys' Play, & Girls' Play.

Hyphens 35.  
24.

'Now, let's have a game of play.

Lucy, Jane, & little May.

I will be a grizzly bear;

Roaring here and prowling there;

Sniffing round around about;

Till I find your children out;

And my dreadful den shall be

Deep within the hole low well.'

'Oh, no! please not, Robert dear,

Do not be a grizzly bear!

Little May was half afraid

When she heard the noise you made,

Roaring like a lion strong,

Just now as you came along;

And she'll scream and start to night,

If you find her any fright.'

'You've your play, and we have ours.

Go and climb the tree again.

I, and little May, and Jane,

Are so happy with our flowers.

Jane is collecting for flower beds,

May and I are making posies,

And we want to search the dells

For the prettiest summer roses.'

Wm. Hawkey.

I have never been in-side your school, Ned;  
tell me what it is like.

You know what it looks like out-side, father?

Oh yes. I knowed the red school-house with the  
big square windows. Some times I <sup>stand</sup> out-  
side to list ten to a meeting song, or to the lessons  
of some one. And some times when I pass,  
you noisy child run as in the play-ground,  
hav<sup>ing</sup> great fun.

But Ned is not pin in-side; we work away  
at our sums and our writ-ing. And if you  
stop to play, why, an-<sup>other</sup> boy get down first,  
and gets above you.

But he had <sup>such</sup> fun in school yes-ter-day.

You know father, our long desks go all  
down the school: the first class is at  
the top window, and our class <sup>is</sup> at the  
bottom. And mas-ter's desk is in the

mid-dle of the room so that he can  
see us ~~as we~~ all stand in our desks.

Well, just in front of mas-ter's desk there  
is a stool; and if a boy does not know his  
lesson he stands on that stool.

You see, pin did not know his spell-ing,  
yes-ter-day, or mas-ter call ed him out, and  
he was just step-ping up on the stool, when  
funny little Kitty Green came load up after  
the place he put at the stool away by the  
way, so that down came poor pin upon  
his back. He all thought it was he could not  
do on with his spell-ing.

## Work and Play.

September 26

Work while you work, & play,  
while you play.

That is the way to be happy all day,

That is the way to be cheerful & gay.

All that you do, do with your might!

Keep this in mind from morning  
till night.

Things done by halves are never  
done right.

One thing at a time, and that done well.

Let the best of all rules, as all wise  
men tell:

Let this ring in your head as clear  
as a bell.

Moments are useless if trifled away.

Keep this in mind through the  
live long day;

To work while you work, & play while  
you play.



Charley Moss was not well, and the doctor said that they would be for him, <sup>would be</sup> to give the country for a month or two in the country would be for him good. Charley was very glad; for he said; How I shall see my cows in the fields and the flowers and black-berrins. And he made his mother tell him all about the Gap; for his Moss had lived there when she was a little girl.

When Charley went to school he whispered to the boys when he said: I am going to the Green Gap? And when play-time came, the boys got around him in a crowd, and he told them all his mother had told him about the places and green country, and the woods, & the flowers, & the birds, & the green fields.

John my boy, a little lame boy with a side face, began to cry; and the boys were all that was the matter with him. But poor little John my had much else - much as a yellow buttercup growing; and he longed for the green fields in the country, where the boys were for his dear ones. So that was why he cried.

John my lived in a court; and so did Charley and most of the boys in their school. They were houses on both sides of the way; and lines across, where the clothes hang out to dry. And there were steps between the houses where the babies & little children sat & stood, and the boys played. And when you get out of the court you are in a noisy street. And you walk all day long you can hardly get any rest. And there are a lot of other things that